

That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!

Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!

Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:—

Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model of the barren earth⁴,

bation of the king by making him inquire at first for Bagot, whose loyalty, on further recollection, might shew him the impropriety of his question. *MALONE.*

⁴ *And that small model of the barren earth,*] He uses *model* for *mould*. That earth, which closing upon the body, takes its form. This interpretation the next line seems to authorize. *JOHNSON.*

Shakspeare generally uses *model*, not for an *exemplar*, but for a thing made after a pattern. So, in a former scene of this play:

“ — thou see’st thy wretched brother die,

“ Who was the *model* of thy father’s life.”

See Vol. III. p. 443, n. 6. *Model*, however, may be used for *mould*. See Minshieu’s *DICT.* in v. *MALONE.*

Which

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones⁵.
 For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
 All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps death his court: and there the antick fits⁶,
 Scoring his state, and grinning at his pomp;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewel king!
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
 Tradition⁷, form, and ceremonious duty.
 For you have but mistook me all this while:
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends:—Subjected thus,
 How can you say to me—I am a king?

Car. My lord, wife men ne'er wail their present woes,
 But presently prevent th' ways to wail.
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
 And so your follies fight against yourself:
 Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
 And fight and die, is death destroying death⁸:

⁵ Which serves as paste &c] A metaphor, not of the most sublime kind, taken from a pie. JOHNSON.

⁶ — there the antick fits,] Here is an allusion to the *antick* or *fool* of old farces, whose chief part is to deride and disturb the graver and more splendid personages. JOHNSON.

⁷ Tradition,—] This word seems here used for *traditional practices*: that is, *established* or *customary homage*. JOHNSON.

⁸ — death destroying death:] That is, to *die fighting*, is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers. I once read—*death defying death*; but *destroying* is as well. JOHNSON.

Where

Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him ;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well :—Proud Bolingbroke,
I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.

This ague-fit of fear is over-blown ;

An easie task it is, to win our own.—

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?

Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day :

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to fay.

I play the torturer, by small and small,

To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :—

Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke ;

And all your northern castles yielded up,

And all your southern gentlemen in arms

Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—

Bethrew thee, cousin, which did lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair !

What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,

That bids me be of comfort⁹ any more.

Go, to Flint castle ; there I'll pine away ;

A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.

That power I have, discharge ; and let them go

To ear the land¹ that hath some hope to grow,

For I have none :—Let no man speak again

To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

⁹ — I'll hate him everlastingly,

That bids me be of comfort—] This sentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without a remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than these petty and conjectured comforts which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer. JOHNSON.

¹ To ear the land] i. e. to plough it. STEEVENS.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence;—Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Wales. Before Flint Castle.

Enter with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE, and forces;
YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would be seem the lord Northumberland,
To say—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head², your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you shou'd,
Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

² For taking so the bead,—] To take the bead is, to act without restraint; to take undue liberties. We now say, we give the horse his head, when we relax the reins. JOHNSON.

Boling.

Boling. Royally! Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stome:
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop: besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord, [to North.]
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.

Harry Bolingbroke,
On both his knees, doth kiss king Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—

[*North. advances to the Castle, with a Trumpet.*]

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from the castle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain

My waters; on the earth, and not on him.

March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

*A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within.
Flourish. Enter on the walls King RICHARD, the bishop of Carlisle³, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.*

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear⁴,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [to North.
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, shew us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,

³ — the bishop of Carlisle,] was Thomas Merkes. WALPOLE.

⁴ See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,] This and the following five lines are given in the old copies to Bolingbroke. The present regulation was made by Dr. Warburton. MALONE.

And

And threat the glory of my precious crown.
 Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
 That every stride he makes upon my land,
 Is dangerous treason : He is come to ope
 The purple testament of bleeding war⁵ ;
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face⁶ ;
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace⁷.

To

⁵ *The purple testament of bleeding war* ;] I once thought that Shakespeare might have had the sacred book (which is frequently covered with purple leather) in his thoughts ; but the following note renders such a supposition extremely doubtful. MALONE.

I believe our author uses the word *testament* in its legal sense. Bolingbroke is come to open the *testament of war*, that he may peruse what is decreed there in his favour. *Purple* is an epithet referring to the future effusion of blood. STEEVENS.

⁶ *But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,*
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons

Shall ill become the flower of England's face ;] By *the flower of England's face* is meant the choicest youths of England, who shall be slaughtered in this quarrel, or have *bloody crowns*. *The flower of England's face*, to design her choicest youth, is a fine and noble expression. Pericles, by a similar thought, said "that the destruction of the Athenian youth was a fatality like cutting off the spring from the year."

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton reads—*light in peace*, but *live in peace* is more suitable to Richard's intention, which is to tell him, that though he should get the crown by rebellion, it will be long before it will *live in peace*, be so settled as to be firm. *The flower of England's face*, is very happily explained. JOHNSON.

The flower of England's face, I believe, means *England's flowery face*, the *flowery surface of England's soil*. The same kind of expression is used in Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 2 : "—opening the cherry of her lips," i. e. her cherry lips. Again, p. 240. edit. 1633 : "—the sweet and beautiful flower of her face." STEEVENS.

⁷ *Shall ill become the flower of England's face* ;

Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace &c.] Perhaps the words *face* and *peace* have changed places. We might read—(but I propose the change with no degree of confidence,)

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become the flower of England's peace;
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale face
 To scarlet indignation.—

Ere

To scarlet indignation, and bedew
 Her pastures' graft⁸ with faithful English blood.
North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms
 Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
 Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kis thy hand,
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,
 That stands upon thy royal grandfire's bones;
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
 And by the bury'd hand of warlike Gaunt;
 And by the worth and honour of himself,
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said.—
 His coming hither hath no further scope,
 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
 Which on thy royal party granted once,
 His glittering arms he will command * to rust,
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your Majesty.
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns;—
 His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
 And all the number of his fair demands

Ere the crown be hopes to obtain be settled peaceably on his head, ten thousand crowns, besmeared with blood, shall disfigure the flower of the peaceable nobility of England; and cause her maid-pale countenance to glow with indignation, &c. The double opposition between crown and peace is much in our author's manner. In *King Richard III.* we have

“ That would with treason wound this fair land's peace.”
 and in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

“ You conjure from the breast of civil peace
 “ Such bold hostility.”

Peace has already been personified in a former scene:

“ To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
 “ Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep.”

But these lines, it must be owned, add as much support to the old reading, as to the emendation proposed. MALONE.

⁸ *Her pastures' graft*—] Old Copies—pastors. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

* — *commend*—] i. e. commit. See Minshew's Dict. in v. MALONE.

Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
 We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not, [To Aum.
 To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

Aum. No, my good lord ; let's fight with gentle word
 Till time lend friends, and friends their b'lpful swords.

K. Rich. O God ! o God ! that e'er this tongue of
 mine,
 That laid the sentence of dread banishment
 On yon proud man, should take it off again
 With words of sooth⁹ ! O, that I were as great
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name !
 Or that I could forget what I have been !
 Or not remember what I must be now !
 Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to beat,
 Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now ? Must he submit ?
 The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd ?
 The king shall be contented : Must he lose
 The name of king ? o'God's name, let it go :
 I'll give my jewels for a set of beads ;
 My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage ;
 My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown ;
 My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood ;
 My scepter, for a palmer's walking staff ;
 My subjects, for a pair of carved saints ;
 And my large kingdom for a little grave :—
 A little little grave, an obscure grave :—

⁹ *With words of sooth ! —]* Sooth is sweet as well as true. In this place sooth means sweetness or softness, a signification yet retained in the verb to sooth. JOHNSON.

¹ *My gay apparel, &c.]* Dr. Grey observes, “ that king Richard's expence in regard to drefs, was very extraordinary.” Holinshed has the same remark ; and adds, that “ he had one cote which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 30,000 marks.” STEEV.

Stowe, in his Survey, says, “ to the value of tbree thousand markes.” So also in *Vita Ricardi Secundi*, published by T. Hearne, p. 156. MALONE.

Or I'll be bury'd in the king's highway,
 Some way of common trade², where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head³:
 For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
 And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?—
 Aumerle, thou weep'ft; My tender-hearted cousin!—
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
 Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
 A thus;—To drop them still upon one place,
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
 Within the earth; and, there laid,—*There lies*
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
 Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
 Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
 What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay⁴.
 —*North.* My lord, in the base court⁵ he doth attend
 To speak with you; may't please you to come down.

² *Some way of common trade,*] *Trade* in the sense of either commerce or custom. JOHNSON.

The phrase is still used by common people. When they speak of a road much frequented, they say, “it is a road of much *traffic*.” Shakespeare uses the word in the same sense in *K. Henry VIII*:

“Stand in the gap and *trade* of more preferments.” STEEVENS.

³ — *on their sovereign's head*:] Shakespeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetick to the ridiculous. Had the speech of Richard ended at this line, it had exhibited the natural language of submissive misery, conforming its intention to the present fortune, and calmly ending its purposes in death. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *Bolingbroke says—ay.*] Here is another instance of injury done to the poet's metre by changing his orthography. *I*, which was Shakespeare's word, rimed very well with *to die*; but *ay* has quite a different sound. See a note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. Vol. I. p. 299, n. 6. TYRWHITT.

In some counties *ay* is at this day pronounced with a sound very little differing from that of *I*. MALONE.

⁵ — *base court*:] *Bas cour.* Fr. STEEVENS.

K. Rich. Down, down, I come ; like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades. [Nor. retires to Bol.
In the base court ? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court ? Come down ? Down, court ! down,
king !

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.
[*Exeunt, from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty ?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frayed man :
Yet he is come.

Enter King RICHARD and his Attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And shew fair duty to his majesty.—

My gracious lord,— [*kneeling.*

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it :
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesey.
Up, cousin, up ; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, [touching his own head.] although your
knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve :—They well deserve to have,
That know the strongest and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand : nay, dry your eyes ;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too ;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London :—Cousin, is it so ?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

Langley. *The duke of York's garden.*

Enter the Queen, and two ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1. Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
~~and that my fortune runs against the bias.~~

1. Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1. Lady. Madam, we will tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy⁶?

1. Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;

Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1. Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

1. Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep⁷, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

⁶ *Of sorrow, or of joy?*] All the old copies concur in reading: *Of sorrow, or of grief.* Mr. Pope made the necessary alteration.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *And I could weep,—*] The old copies read: *And I could sing.*

STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope made the emendation MALONE.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: Woe is fore-run with woe⁸.

[Queen and ladies retire.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their fire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and, like an executioner,^{cl.}
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing ways,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1. Serv. Why should we, in the compas of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, our firm estate⁹?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

⁸ Against a change; Woe is fore-run with woe.] The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to fore-run calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending. The sense is, that publick evils are always presignified by publick pensiveness, and plaintive conversation.

JOHNSON.

⁹ — our firm estate⁹] The servant says *our*, meaning the state of the garden in which they were at work. Why (says he) should we be careful to preserve order in the narrow cincture of this *our state*, when the *great state of the kingdom* is in disorder? STEEVENS.

Serv.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke

Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh! What pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! We at time of year¹
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Left, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, the bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be²: Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am pres'd to death
Through want of speaking³.—Thou, old Adam's likeness,
[Coming from her concealment.
Set to dress this garden, how dares⁴

Thy

¹ — *We at time of year*] The word *We* is not in the old copies. The context shews that some word was omitted at the press; and the subsequent lines

— Superfluous branches

We lop away—

render it highly probable that this was the word. MALONE.

² *Tis doubt, he will be*:] We have already had an instance of this uncommon phraseology in the present play:

He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,

When time shall call him home, &c.

Doubt is the reading of the quarto, 1597. The folio reads, *doubted*. I have found reason to believe that some alterations even in that valuable copy were made arbitrarily by the editor. MALONE.

³ — *I am pres'd to death*

Through want of speaking.] The poet alludes to the ancient legal punishment called *peine forte et dure*, which was inflicted on those persons, who, being arraigned, refused to plead, remaining obstinately silent. They were *pressed to death* by a heavy weight laid upon their stomach. MALONE.

⁴ — *how dares*

Thy barbs rude tongue &c.] So, in *Hamlet*:

Thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
 What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
 To make a second fall of cursed man?
 Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd?
 Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
 Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
 Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
 To breathe this news, yet, what I say, is true.
 King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
 Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
 In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
 And some few vanities that make him light;
 But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
 Besides himself, are all the English peers,
 And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
 Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
 I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
 Doth not thy embassage belong to me?
 And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'it
 To serve me last, that I may longest keep
 Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
 To meet at London London's king in woe.
 What, was I born to this! that my sad look
 Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
 Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
 I would, the plants thou graft'ſt, may never grow⁵.

[*Exeunt Queen and ladies.*

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
 I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—

Here

“ What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue?
 “ In noise so rude against me ? ”

I have quoted this passage only to justify the restoration of the word *rude*, which has been rejected in some modern editions. Some words seem to have been omitted in the first of these lines. We might read:

Set to dres out this garden. Say, how dares, &c.
 It is always safer to add than to omit. *MALONE.*

⁵ *I would, the plants thou graft'ſt, may never grow.*] This execration of the queen is somewhat ludicrous, and unsuitable to her condition; the gardener's reflection is better adapted to the state both of his mind and his fortune. *JOHNSON.*

An

Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, four herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [Exeunt.]

A C T IV.

Westminster-Hall*.

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER¹, another Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot:—

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeles end².

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be,

An anonymous writer suggests, that the queen perhaps meant to wish him childless. The gardener's answer ("I would my skill &c.") shews that this was not the author's meaning. MALONE.

* The rebuilding of Westminster-Hall, which Richard had begun in 1597, being finished in 1599, the first meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him. MALONE.

¹ — Fitzwater,] The christian name of this nobleman was Walter. WALPOLE.

² — bis timeles end,] Timeles for untimely. WARBURTON.

In

In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?

Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars³,
On equal terms to give him chaffisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainer of his fland'rous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain, what thou haft said, is false.
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly word.

Baling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I wold he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun which shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point⁴.

Aum.

³ — *my fair stars,*] The birth is supposed to be influenced by the stars; therefore our author, with his usual licence, takes stars for birth. JOHNSON.

We learn from Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* that the vulgar error assigned the bright and fair stars to the rich and great. “*Sidera singulis attributa nobis, et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus, &c.*” Lib. i. cap. 8.

ANONYMOUS.

* *If that thy valour stand on sympathies,*] Here is a translated sense much harsher than that of stars explained in the foregoing note. Aumerle has challenged Bagot with some hesitation, as not being his equal, and therefore one whom, according to the rules of chivalry, he was not obliged to fight, as a nobler life was not to be staked in a duel against a bafer. Fitzwater then throws down his gage, a pledge of battle; and tells him that if he stands upon sympathies, that is, upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. Sympathy is an affection incident at once to two subjects. This community of affection implies a likeness or equality of nature, and thence our poet transferred the term to equality of blood. JOHNS.

⁵ — *my rapier's point.*] Shakspere deserts the manners of the age

in

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I task the earth to the like⁶, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From fun to fun⁷: there is my honour's pawn;

Engage

in which his dra~~va~~ is placed, very often without necessity or advantage. The edge of a sword had served his purpose as well as the point of a rapier, and he had then escaped the impropriety of giving the English nobles a weapon which was not seen in England till two centuries afterwards. JOHNSON.

See Vol. I. p. 228, n. 8. MALONE.

⁶ I task the earth to the like,—] This speech, which is not in the folio, was restored from the quarto by Dr. Johnson. *Task* is the reading of the first and best quarto in 1597. In that printed in the following year the word was changed to *take*; but all the alterations made in the several editions of our author's plays in quarto, after the first, appear to have been made either arbitrarily or by negligence. (I do not mean to include copies containing new and additional matter.) I confess I am unable to explain either reading; but I adhere to the elder, as more likely to be the true one.

Dr. Johnson would read—I take thy oath, and Mr. Steevens observes that there is a similar corruption in *Troilus and Cressida*, quarto, 1609, where we have untraded *earth*, for untraded *oath*.—The following line is quoted from Warner's *Albion's England* by the editor last mentioned, as tending to throw some light on the text:

"Lo, here my gage, (he terr'd his glove) thou know'ft the victor's meed."
To terre the glove, he supposes, was, to dash it on the earth. MALONE.

We might read, only changing the place of one letter, and altering another,—I talk thy heart to the like, i. e. I put thy valour to the same trial. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Act. IV. sc. ii.

"How shew'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt? STEEVENS.

⁷ From fun to fun:] i. e. as I think, from sun-rise to sun-set. The quartos read—From fun to fun. The emendation, which in my apprehension requires no enforcement or support, was proposed by Mr. Steevens,

Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all: I have a thousand spirits in one breast, To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then; And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lye so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lye
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.

In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness⁸,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world⁹,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this¹,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Steevens, who explains these words differently. He is of opinion that they mean, *from one day to another.* MALONE.

⁸ *I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,*] I dare meet him where no help can be had by me against him. So, in *Macbeth*:

" —— or be alive again,

" And dare me to the desert with thy sword." JOHNSON.

⁹ — *in this new world,*] In this world where I have just begun to be an actor. Surrey has, a few lines above, called him *boy*. JOHNSON.

¹ — *here do I throw down this,*] Holinshed says, that on this occasion, " he threw down a hood that he had borrowed." STEEVENS.

He had before thrown down his own hood, when accused by Bagot.

MALONE.

Boling.

KING RICHARD II.

77

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
~~And~~, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
~~And~~, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As fare as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne,

Car. Marry, God forbid!

Worl in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:

And

And shall the figure of God's majesty²,
 His captain, steward, deputy elect,
 Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
 That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
 Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
 My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
 And if you crown him, let me prophecy,
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groan for this foul act;
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
 And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
 Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
 O, if you rear this house against this house,
 It will the woefullest division prove,
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
 Left child, child's children, cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and for your pains,
 Of capital treason we arrest you here:—

² *And shall the figure, &c.*] Here is another proof that our author did not learn in king James's court his elevated notions of the right of kings. I know not any flatterer of the Stuarts, who has expressed this doctrine in much stronger terms. It must be observed that the poet intends, from the beginning to the end, to exhibit this bishop as brave, pious, and venerable. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has represented the character of the bishop as he found it in Holinshed, where this famous speech, (which contains, in the most express terms, the doctrine of passive obedience,) is reserved. The politics of the historian were the politics of the poet. STEEVENS.

The chief argument urged by the bishop in Holinshed, is, that it was unjust to proceed against the king "without calling him openly to his answer and defence." He says, that "none of them were worthie or meete to give judgement to so noble a prince;" but does not expressly assert that he could not be lawfully deposed. Our author, however, undoubtedly had Holinshed before him. MALONE.

KING RICHARD II.

79

My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial³.—

May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view

He may surrend're; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct*.

[Exit.]

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest,
Procure your fureties for your days of answer:

Little are we beholding to your love, [to Carlisle.
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and officers bearing the Regalia.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men⁴: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?

³ — *bis day of trial.*] After this line, whatever follows, almost to the end of the act, containing the whole proceſs of dethroning and debasing king Richard, was added after the first edition of 1598, and before the second of 1615. Part of the addition is proper, and part might have been forborn without much loss. The author, I suppose, intended to make a very moving scene. JOHNSON.

The addition was first made in the quarto 1608. STEEVENS.

The first edition was in 1597, not in 1598. When it is said that this scene was added, the reader must understand that it was added by the printer, or that a more perfect copy fell into the hands of the later editor than was published by a former. There is no proof that the whole scene was not written by Shakspere at the same time with the rest of the play, though for political reasons it might not have been exhibited or printed during the life of Queen Elizabeth. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of his plays.* Vol. I. MALONE.

* — *conduct.*] for *conductor*. See Vol. I. p. 98, n. 7. MALONE.

⁴ *The favours &c.*] The countenances; the features. JOHNSON.

Am

Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service, am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin, seize the
crown;
Here, cousin, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air⁵,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought, you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am, but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care is—loss of care, by old care done⁶;
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,

⁵ *The emptier ever dancing*—] This is a comparison not easily accommodated to the subject, nor very naturally introduced. The best part is this line, in which he makes the usurper the empty bucket. JOHNS.

⁶ *My care is—loss of care, by old care done;*] Shakespeare often obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here, that his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares; for this reason, that his care is the loss of care,—his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, by the cessation of the care to which he had been accustomed. JOHNSON.

And

And this unweildy scepter from my hand,
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm ;
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release all duteous oaths :
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
 My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;
 My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny :
 God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me !
 God keep all vov's unbroke, are made to thee !
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd ;
 And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd !
 Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
 And loon to Richard in an earthy pit !
 God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
 And send him many years of sun-shine days !—
 What more remains ?

North. No more, but that you read [offering a paper.]
 These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
 Committed by your person, and your followers,
 Against the state and profit of this land ;
 That, by confessing them, the souls of men
 May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so ? and must I ravel out
 My weav'd-up follies ? Gentle Northumberland,
 If thy offences were upon record,
 Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
 To read a lecture of them ? If thou would'st,
 There should'st thou find one heinous article,—
 Containing the deposing of a king,
 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven :—
 Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
 Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,

⁷ —my balm,] The oil of consecration. He has mentioned it before. JOHNSON.

⁸ If thou would'st,] That is, if thou would'st read over a list of thy own deeds. JOHNSON.

Shewing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my four cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch ; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see :
And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here⁹.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest :
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undock the pompous body of a king ;
Make glory base ; and sovereignty a slave ;
Proud majesty, a subject ; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught¹⁰ insulting man,
Nor no man's lord ; I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font¹¹,
But 'tis usurp'd :—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself !
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops !—
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)—
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight :
That it may shew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glas.

[Exit an Attendant.]

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend ! thou torment'it me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

⁹ — *a sort* —] A pack, a company. WARBURTON.

See Vol. II. p. 490. n. 5. MALONE.

¹⁰ — *haught*,] i. e. haughty. STEEVENS.

¹¹ *No, not that name was given me at the font*,] How that name which was given him at the font could be usurped, I do not understand. Perhaps Shakspeare meant to shew that imagination, dwelling long on its own misfortunes, represents them as greater than they really are.

ANONYMOUS.

North.

North. The commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me!—Was this face the face
That every day under his hou[ll]d old roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way

* Did keep ten thousand men?] Shakespeare is here not quite accurate. Our old chronicles only say "that to his household came every day, ~~meate,~~ ten thousand men." MALONE.

³ my grief lies all within;

And these external manners of lament &c] So in Hamlet:

" But I have that within which passeth show;

" These but the trappings and the suits of woe." MALONE.

How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than a king:
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all⁴,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall⁵.

[*Exeunt K. Rich. some Lords, and a guard.*

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlile, and Aum.*

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn⁶.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury⁷ mine intents, but also to effect

4 — *Conveyers are you all,*] To *convey* is a term often used in an ill
sense, and so Richard understands it here. Pistol says of *stealing*, “*conve-
y the wife it call*”; and to *convey* is the word for sleight of hand, which
seems to be alluded to here. *Ye are all*, says the deposed prince, *jug-
glers*, who rise with this nimble dexterity by *the fall of a good king*. JOHNS.

5 — *a true king's fall.*] This is the last of the additional lines which
were first printed in the quarto, 1608. MALONE.

6 — *as sharp to them as thorn.*] This pathetick denunciation shews
that Shakspere intended to impress his auditors with dislike of the de-
posal of Richard. JOHNSON.

7 *To bury*—] To conceal, to keep secret. JOHNSON.

Whatever

Whatever I shall happen to devise :—
 I see, your brows are full of discontent,
 Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears ;
 Come home with me to supper ; I will lay
 A plot, shall shew us all a merry day.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

London. *A street leading to the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN, and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come ; this is the way
 To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower¹,
 To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
 Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke :
 Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
 Have any resting² for her true king's queen.

Enter King RICHARD, and guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
 My fair rote wither : Yet look up ; behold ;
 That you i' pitty may dissolve to dew,
 And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
 Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand³ ;

¹ *To Julius Cæsar's &c. &c.*] The tower of London is traditionally said to have been the work of Julius Cæsar. JOHNSON.

² *Here let us rest, if &c. &c.*] So Milton :

“ *Here rest, if any rest can harbour here.*” JOHNSON.

³ *Ab, thou, the model where old Troy did stand ;*] The queen uses comparative terms absolutely. Instead of saying, *Thou who appearest* as the ground on which the magnificence of Troy was once erected, she says,

Ab, thou, the model, &c.

Thou map of honour ;—

Thou picture of greatness. JOHNSON.

Model, it has already been observed, is used by our author, for a thing made after a pattern. He is, I believe, singular in this use of the word. *Thou ruined majesty*, says the queen, that *resembleſt* the defolated waste where Troy once stood. So before :

“ Who was the *model* of thy father's life.”

See p. 58, n. 4.—In our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, sleep is called “the map of death.” MALONE.

Thou map of honour ; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard ; thou most beauteous inn⁴,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest ?

K. Rich. Join not with grief⁵, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream ;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this : I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity⁶ ; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some relig^{as} house :
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd, and weakened ? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?
The lion, dying, thruseth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd ; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly ? kiss the rod ;
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts ?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed ; if such beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France :
Think, I am dead ; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks ; and let them tell thee tales.

4 — *beauteous inn,*] *Inn* does not here signify a house of publick entertainment ; but, as in Spenser, a habitation in general. STEEVENS.

I cannot agree with Mr. Steevens. It means a house of entertainment, and is opposed to *ale-house* in the following line. MASON.

5 *Join not with grief,*] Do not thou unite with grief against me ; do not, by thy additional sorrows, enable grief to strike me down at once. My own part of sorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately destroy me. JOHNSON.

6 *I am sworn brother, sweet,*
To grim necessity;] I have reconciled myself to necessity, I am in a state of amity with the constraint which I have sustained. JOHNSON.

Of woeful ages, long ago betid :
 And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief⁷,
 Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
 For why⁸, the senseless brands will sympathize
 The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
 And compassion, weep the fire out :
 And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
 For the depositing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland, and others.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd ;
 You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
 And, madam, there is order ta'en for you ;
 With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
 The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
 The time shall not be many hours of age
 More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,
 Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
 It is too little, helping him to all ;
 He shall think, that thou, which knowest the way
 To play on rightful kings, wilt know again,
 Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
 To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
 The love of wicked friends converts to fear ;
 That fear to hate ; and hate turns one, or both,
 To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
 Take leave, and part ; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd ?—Bad men, ye violate
 A two-fold marriage ; 'twixt my crown and me ;
 And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
 Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me ;
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—

⁷ — *to quit their grief,*] To retaliate their mournful stories. JOHNSON.

⁸ *For why,—*] The poet should have ended this speech with the foregoing line, and have spared his childish prattle about the fire.

JOHNSON.

Part

Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas⁹, or short'ft of day:

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from
heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love¹, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, for thee here;
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near².

Go, count thy way with sighs: I mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being
short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart. [They kiss.]

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no need part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [Kiss again.]
So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [Exeunt.]

⁹ — *Hallowmas,*] All-hallows, or all-hallowtide; the first of November. STEEVENS.

¹ *That were some love, &c.*] The quartos give this speech to the king.

STEEVENS.

² *Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.*] To be never the nigher, or, as it is commonly spoken in the mid-land counties, ne'er the ne'er, is, to make no advance towards the good desired. JOHNSON.

The meaning is, it is better to be at a great distance, than being near each other, to find that we yet are not likely to be peaceably and happily united. MALONE.

³ — *and kill thy heart.*] So in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ —they have murder'd this poor heart of mine.” MALONE.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter YORK and his Dutchess.

Dutch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cry'd—God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once⁴,—
Jesu, preserva thec! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent⁵ on him that enters next,

⁴ *With painted imagery, had said at once,*] Our authour probably was thinking of the painted clothes that were hung in the streets, in the pageants exhibited in his own time; in which the figures sometimes had labels issuing from their mouths, containing sentences of gratulation.

MALONE.

⁵ *Are idly bent—*] That is, carelessly turned, thrown without attention. This the poet learned by his attendance and practice on the stage. JOHNSON.

Thinking

Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on Richard ; no man cry'd, God save him ;
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;—
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,—
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, feeld
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.
 But heaven hath a hand in these events ;
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow,

Enter AUMERLE.

Dutch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was⁶ ;
 But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland now :
 I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
 And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Dutch. Welcome, my son : Who are the violent rows,
 That strew the green lap of the new-come spring ?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not ;
 God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time⁷,
 Left you be cropt before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford ? hold those juts and triumphs ?

Aum. For eught I know, my lord, they do.

⁶ Aumerle that was ;] The dukes of *Aumerle*, *Surrey*, and *Exeter*, were by an act of Henry's first parliament deprived of their dukedoms, but were allowed to retain their earldoms of *Rutland*, *Kent*, and *Huntingdon*. *Holinshed*, p. 513, 514. *STEEVENS.*

⁷ That strew the green lap of the new-come spring ?] So Milton in one of his songs :

" — who from her green lap throws

" The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose." *STEEVENS.*

⁸ — bear you well —] That is, conduct yourself with prudence.

JOHNSON.
York.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?

Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me see the writing⁹.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it:

I will be satisfy'd, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;

It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reaſons I would not have ſeen.

York. Which for ſome reaſons, ſir, I mean to ſee.

I fear, I fear,—

Dutch. What ſhould you fear?

'Tis nothing but ſome bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainſt the triumph day¹.

York. Bound to himſelf? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—

Boy, let me ſee the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not ſhew it.

York. I will be ſatisfied; let me ſee it, I ſay.

[Snatches it, and reads.]

Traſon! foul traſon!—villain, traitor! slave!

Dutch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there? [Enter a ſervant.]

Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy! what traſhery is here!

Dutch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I ſay; saddle my horse:—

Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,

I will impeach the villain.

[Exit ſervant.]

Dutch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Dutch. I will not peace:—What is the matter, ſon?

⁹ *Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the writing.*] Such harsh and defective lines as this, are probably corrupt, and might be easily supplied, but that it would be dangerous to let conjecture loofe on ſuch ſlight occasions. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*Boy, let me ſee the writing.* York uses these words a little lower. MALONE.

¹ *'gainſt the triumph day.*] See Vol. II. p. 442, n. 4: MALONE.

Aum.

Aum. Good mother, be content ; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Dutch. Thy life answer !

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Dutch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art
amaz'd :—

Hence, villain ; never more come in my sight.—[to the servant]

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Dutch. Why, York, what wilt thou do ?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?
Have we more sons ! or are we like to have ?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time ?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name ?
Is he not like thee ? is he not thine own ?

York. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy ?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.

Dutch. He shall be none ;

We'll keep him here : Then what is that to him ?

York. Away, fond woman ! were he twenty times

My son, I would impeach him.

Dutch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,

As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.

But now I know thy mind ; thou dost suspect,

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son :

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind :

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Not like to me, or any of my kin,

And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman.

[Exit.]

Dutch. After, Aumerle ; mount thee upon his horse ;

Spur, post ; and get before him to the king.

And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.

I'll not be long behind ; though I be old.

I doubt not but to ride as fast as York :
 And never will I rise up from the ground,
 Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee : Away ;
 Begone.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Enter BOLINGBROKE as King; PERCY, and other lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son ?
 'Tis full three months, since I did see him last :—
 If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
 I would to God, my lords, he might be found :
 Enquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there²,
 For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
 With unrestrained loose companions ;
 Even such, they lay, as stand in narrow lanes,
 And beat out watch, and rob our passengers ;
 While he³, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
 Takes on the point of honour, to support
 So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince ;
 And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant ?
 Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews ;
 And from the common'ft creature pluck a glove⁴,

² Enquire at London, &c.] This is a very proper introduction to the future character of Henry the Fifth, to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare seldom attended to chronology. The prince was at this time but twelve years old, for he was born in 1388, and the conspiracy on which the present scene is formed, was discovered in the beginning of the year 1400.—He scarcely frequented taverns or stews at so early an age. MALONE.

³ While he,—] All the old copies read—Which he. STEEVENS.
 The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁴ — pluck a glove,] So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578; Lamia, the strumpet, says,

“ Who loves me once is lymed to my heast :

“ My colours fome, and some shall wear my glove.”

Again, in the *Shoemaker's Holyday, or Gentle Craft*, 1600:

“ Or shall I undertake some martial sport,

“ Wearing your glove at turney or at tilt,

“ And tell how many gallants I unhors'd !” STEEVENS.

And

And wear it as a favour ; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate : yet, through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope⁵,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here ?

Enter Aumerle, hastily.

Aum. Where is the king ?

Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly ?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Percy and Lords.*]

What is the matter with our cousin now ?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [kneels.]
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault ?
If but⁶ the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [Aumerle locks the door.]
York. [within.] My liege, beware ; look to thyself ;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [drawing.]
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand ;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [within.] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king :
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face ?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*Bolingbroke opens the door.*]

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle, speak ;

⁵ *I see some sparkles of a better hope,*] The folio reads :—sparks of better hope. The quarto 1615 :—sparkles of better hope. STEEVENS.
The first quarto has—sparkles of better hope. The article was inserted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

⁶ *If but —*] Old copies—If on. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.
Recover

Recover breath ; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Anm. Remember, as thou read'it, thy promise past :
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. I was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king ;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence :
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy !—
O loyal father of a treacherous son !
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain ⁷,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself !
Thy overflow of good converts to bad ⁸ ;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son ⁹.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ;
And he shall spent mine honour with his shame,
As thirstless ~~sons~~ ¹⁰ their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies :
Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Dutch. [within.] What ho, my liege ! for God's sake,
let me in.

⁷ *Thou sheer, immaculate, &c.*] *Sheer* is pellucid, transparent. The modern editors arbitrarily read *clear*. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 2 :

⁸ Who having viewed in a fountain *sheer* &c.
Transparent muslin is still called *sheer* muslin. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Thy overflow of good converts to bad ;*] The overflow of good in thee is turned to bad in thy son ; and that same abundant goodness in thee shall excuse his transgression. TYRWHITT.

¹⁰ — *digressing son.*] To *digress* is to deviate from what is right or regular. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 325, n. 5. MALONE.

Boling.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King*.
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutches.

Dutch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantick woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Dutch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle liege.

[kneeling.]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

* — *The Beggar and the King*] *The King and Beggar* seems to have been an interlude well known in the time of our author, who has alluded to it more than once. I cannot now find that any copy of it is left. JOHNSON.

The King and Beggar was perhaps once an interlude; it was certainly a song. The reader will find it in the first volume of Dr. Percy's collection. It is there intitled, *King Copethua and the Beggar Maid*; and is printed from Rich. Johnson's *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*, 1612, 12°; where it is intitled simply, *A song of a Beggar and a King*. This interlude or ballad is mentioned in *Cinibia's Revenge*, 1613:

" Provoke thy sharp Melpomene to sing

" The story of a Beggar and the King. STEEVENS.

* — *what dost thou make here?*] See Vol. I. p. 275, n. 1. MALONE.
Aum.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be.

H. Mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Dutch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face; His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest; His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast; He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd; We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside; His weary joints would gladly rise, I know; Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow: His prayers are full of false hypocrisy; Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity. Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not say—stand up; But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up. An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach, Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech. I never long'd to hear a word till now; Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how: The word is short, but not so short as sweet; No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths to meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez moy*³.

Dutch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy? Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord, That set'st the word itself against the word!— Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land; The chopping French⁴ we do not understand.

³ — *pardonnez moy.*] That is, excuse me, a phrase used when any thing is civilly denied. The whole passage is such as I could well wish away. JOHNSON.

⁴ *The chopping French.*—] *Chopping*, I suppose, here means *jabbering*, talking flippantly a language unintelligible to Englishmen; or perhaps it may mean,—the French, who *clip* and *mutilate* their words. I do not remember to have met the word, in this sense, in any other place. In the universities they talk of *chopping logick*; and our author in *Romeo and Juliet* has the same phrase:

“ How now, how now! *chop logick* ” MALONE.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
 Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
 That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
 Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. I do not sue to stand,

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
 Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
 But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
 I pardon him *.

Dutch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law⁵,—and the
 abbot⁶,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,—
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
 Good uncle, help to order several powers
 To Oxford, or where-e'er these traitors are:
 They shall not live within this world, I'w^{ear},
 But I will have them, if I once know where.
 Uncle, farewell—and cousin too, adieu⁷:
 Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come, my old son;—I pray God make thee new.

Exeunt.

* *With all my heart*

I pardon him.] The old copies read—I pardon him with all my heart. The transposition was made by Mr. Pope. *MALONE.*

⁵ *But for our trusty brother-in-law*—] John duke of Exeter, and earl of Huntingdon, who had married with the lady Elizabeth, sister of Henry Bolingbroke. *THEOBALD.*

⁶ — *the abbot*—] i. e. the Abbot of Westminister. *THEOBALD.*

⁷ — *cousin, too, adieu* :] *Too*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Theobald, for the sake of the metre. *MALONE.*

SCENE IV.

Enter EXTON, and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?

Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake it twice, And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me; As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man That would divorce this terror from my heart; Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go; I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.

Enter RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare This prison; where I live, unto the world: And, for because the world is populous, And here is not a creature but myself, I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out. My brain I'll prove the female to my soul; My soul, the father: and these two beget A generation of still-breeding thoughts, And these same thoughts people this little world²; In humours, like the people of this world, For no thought is contented. The better sort,—

² — *people this little world;* i. e. his own frame;—“the state of man;” which in our author’s *Julius Cæsar* is said to be “like to a little kingdom.” So also in his *Lover’s Complaint*:

“ Storming my world with Sorrow’s wind and rain.”

Again, in *King Lear*:

“ Strives in this *little world* of man to out-run

“ The too-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.” MALONE.

As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself⁹

Against the word:

As thus,—*Come, little ones; and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.*

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison-walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; Like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—
That many have, and others must fit there,
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I, in one person¹, many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Musick do I hear? [Musick,
Ha, ha! keep time:—How sweet musick is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept?

⁹ ————— the word itself

Against the word:] By the word I suppose is meant the *holy words*.
The folio reads:

————— the faith itself

Against the faith. STEEVENS.

The reading of the text is that of the first quarto, 1597. MALONE.

¹ — *in one person,*] Thus the first quarto, 1597. All the subsequent old copies have — *prison*. MALONE.

So is it in the musick of men's lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear,
~~T~~ check² time broke in a disorder'd string;
 But, for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock³:
 My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar⁴
 Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears:
 Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Shew minutes, times, and hours: —but my time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock⁵.

² To check —] Thus the first quarto, 1597. The folio reads — To bear. Of this play the first quarto copy is much more valuable than that of the folio. MALONE.

³ For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock: &c.] There appears to me no reason for supposing with Dr. Johnson that this passage is ~~wrong~~. It shou'd be recollect'd that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time; viz. by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these the King, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the jarring of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial or outward watch, to which the King compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or (to use an expression of Milton) minute drops: his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performing the office of the dial's point: — his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour.

In *K. Henry IV. P. II.* tears are used in a similiar manner:

“ But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,

“ By number, into hours of happiness.” HENLEY.

⁴ — with sighs they jar] To jar is, I believe, to make that noise which is called ticking. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“ I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind, &c.”

Again, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

“ — the minutes jarring, the clock striking.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — his Jack o' the clock.] That is, I strike for him. One of these automatoms is alluded to in *King Richard III.* Act. IV. sc. iii.

“ Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke,

“ Between thy begging and my meditation.” STEEVENS.

This musick mads me, let it sound no more⁶;
 For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits⁷,
 In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
 Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard⁸
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world⁹.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;

The cheapeſt of us is ten groats too dear.

What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
 Where no man never comes, but that sad dog^{*}
 That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
 When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
 With much ado, at length have gotten leave
 To look upon my sometimes^{*} royal master's face.

⁶ This musick mads me, let it sound no more;] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"The little birds that tune their moaning throats,

"Make her moans mad with their sweet melody." MALONE.

⁷ For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,] The allusion is, perhaps, to the persons bit by the tarantula, who are laid to be cured by musick. MALONE.

In what degree musick was supposed to be useful in curing madness, the reader may receive information from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*; Part II. Sect. 2. REED.

⁸ — and love to Richard

Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.] i. e. as strange and uncommon as a brooch, which is now no longer worn. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*: "Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, richly suited, but unsuitable; just like the brooch and the toothpick, ~~which wear not now~~." MALONE.

⁹ — in this all-hating world.] I believe the meaning is, this world in which I am universally hated. JOHNSON.

¹ — but that sad dog] It should be remembered that the word *sad* was in the time of our author used for *grave*. The expression will then be the same as if he had said, *that grave, that gloomy villain*. So, in Holinshed, p. 730: "With that, the recorder called Fitzwilliam, a *sad* man and an honest, &c." STEEVENS.

* — sometimes —] was used for *formerly*, as well as *sometime*, which the modern editors have substituted. So in Speed's *History of Great Britain*, 1611:—"A catalogue of the religious houses, &c. sometimes in England and Wales." MALONE.

O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
 In London streets that coronation day,
 When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary !
 That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid ;
 That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd !

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me, gentle friend,
 How went he under him ?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back !
 That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand ;
 This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
 Would he not stumble ? Would he not fall down,
 (Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
 Of that proud man, that did usurp his back ?
 Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee,
 Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
 Was born to bear ? I was not made a horse ;
 And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
 Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jaunting Bolingbroke².

Enter Keeper, with a staff.

Keep. Fellow, give place ; here is no longer stay.

[to the groom.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart
 shall say. [Exit.

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to ?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not ; sir Pierce of Exton, who
 Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee !
 Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [beats the keeper.

Keep. Help, help, help !

Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now ? what means death in this rude
 assault ?

² — by jaunting Bolingbroke.] Jaunce and jaunt were synonymous words. B. Jonson uses geances in his *Tale of a Tub* :

"I would I had a few more geances of it :

"And you say the word, send me to Jericho." STEEVENS.

Villain,

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatching a weapon, and killing one.]

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[He kills another; then EXTON strikes him down.]

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,

That staggers thus my person. Thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [Dies.]

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:

Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me—I did well,

Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, and YORK, with lords and attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire

Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;

But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

Norib. First to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is,—I have to London sent

The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent³:

The manner of their taking may appear

At large discoursed in this paper here. [presenting a paper.]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London

³ — of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:] So the folio. The first quarto reads—of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt and Kent. It appears from the histories of this reign that the reading of the folio is right. MALONE.

The

The heads of Brocas, and sir Bennet Seely ;

Two of the dangerous conforted traitors,

That fought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot ;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience, and four melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom :—

Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife ;
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
~~High~~ sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with attendants bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy bury'd fears herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee ; though I did wish him dead.
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour :
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow :
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent ;

I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,
 To wash this blood off from my guilty hand :—
 March sadly after ; grace my mournings here,
 In weeping after this untimely bier⁴.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ This play is extracted from the *Chronicle of Holinshead*, in which many passages may be found which Shakspere has, with very little alteration, transplanted into his scenes; particularly a speech of the bishop of Carlisle in defence of king Richard's unalienable right, and immunity from human jurisdiction.

Jonson who, in his *Catiline and Sejanus*, has inserted many speeches from the Roman historians, was perhaps induced to that practice by the example of Shakspere, who had condescended sometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But Shakspere had more of his own than Jonson, and, if he sometimes was willing to spare his labour, shewed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleness rather than necessity.

This play is one of those which Shakspere has apparently revised; but as success in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finished at last with the happy force of some other of his tragedies, nor can be said much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding. JOHNSON.

The notion that Shakspere revised this play, though it has long prevailed, appears to me extremely doubtful. To speak more plainly, I do not believe it. See further on this subject in *An Attempt to ascertain the order of his plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Fourth.

Henry, Prince of Wales, } Sons to the king.
Prince John of Lancaster. }

Earl of Westmoreland, } Friends to the king.
Sir Walter Blunt.

Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester.

Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland :

Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son.

Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.

Scoop, Archibishop of York.

Archibald, Earl of Douglas.

Owen Glendower.

Sir Richard Vernon.

Sir John Falstaff.

Poins.

Gadshill.

Peto.

Bardolph.

Lady Percy, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.

Lady Mortimer, daughter to Glendower, and wife to
Mortimer.

Mrs. Quickly, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, vintner, chamberlain, drawers,
two carriers, travellers, and attendants, &c.

S C E N E, England.

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir Walter BLUNT, and Others.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils²
To be commere'd in stronds afar remote.

* The transactions contained in this historical drama are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotipur having defeated the Scots under Archibald earl Douglas at Holmedon, (or Halidown-hill,) which battle was fought on Holyrood-day (the 14th of September) 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotipur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July, (the eve of Saint Mary Magdalene) in the year 1403. THEOBALD.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 25, 1597, by Andrew Wise. Again by M. Woolff, Jan. 9, 1598. For the piece supposed to have been its original, see *Six old plays on which Shakspere founded &c.* published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEV.

This comedy was written, I believe, in the year 1597. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspere's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

Shakspere has apparently designed a regular connection of these dramatik histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy land, which he resumes in this speech. The complaint made by king Henry in the last act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolics which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited. JOHNSON.

² Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils] That is, let us soften peace to rest awhile without disturbance, that she may recover breath to propose new wars. JOHNSON.

No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood³;

No

³ *No more the thirsty entrance of this soil*

Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;] I would read — the thirsty entrants of this soil ; i. e. those who set foot on this kingdom through the thirst of power or conquest.

Whoever is accustomed to the old copies of this author, will generally find the words *consequents*, *occurrents*, *ingredients*, spelt consequence, occurrence, ingredience ; and thus, perhaps, the French word *entrants*, anglicized by Shakspere, might have been corrupted into *entrance*, which affords no very apparent meaning. STEEVENS.

This is an extremely difficult passage. An anonymous writer seems to think all difficulty to be done away, by understanding “the thirsty entrance of this soil” in the sense of “the face of the earth parch'd and crack'd, as it is always in a dry summer.” If we take the words in their natural order, the meaning then will be,—No more shall the thirsty crack'd face of this soil daub her lips &c. This surely is a strange kind of phraseology.

If there be no corruption in the text, I believe Shakspere meant however licentiously, to say, *No more shall this soil have the lips of her thirsty entrance, or mouth,* daubed with the blood of her own children.

Mr. Steevens's conjecture formerly appeared to me so likely to be true, that I had no doubt about the propriety of admitting it into the text.

It should be observed, that, supposing these copies to have been made out by the ear, (which there is great reason to believe was the case,) the transcriber might easily have been deceived; for *entrance* and *entrants* have nearly the same sound, and he would naturally write a familiar instead of an unusual word.

A similar mistake has happened in the first scene of *King Henry V.* where we have (in the first folio)

“ With such a heady currance scouring faults—”

Instead of—“ With such a heady current &c.”

Again, in *Macbeth*, p. 135, edit. 1623 :

“ Commends the ingredience of our poison'd chalice

“ To our own lips.”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, p. 290, edit. 1623 :—“ three pound of sugar, five pound of currant,” &c.

I do not know that the word *entrant* is found elsewhere; but Shakspere has many of a similar formation. So, in *K. Henry VI. P. I.* :

“ Here enter'd Pucelle, and her praifisants.”

Again, ibid :

But when my angry guardant stood alone—”

Again, in *K. Lear* :

“ Than twenty filly ducking obseruants—”

Again, in *All's Well that ends Well* :

“ The bravest questant shrinks.”

Sir

No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
 Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
 Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,
 Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock
 And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
 March all one way ; and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulcher of Christ⁴,

Whose

Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Defence of Poesie*, uses *comedient* for a writer of comedies. See also Shelton's translation of *Don Quixote*, Vol. I. p. 296, edit. 1622: "The audiens of her sad storie felt, &c."

Mr. Mason's objection however to this reading has, I confess, somewhat diminished my confidence in it: "It cannot, (he observes) be right, because the king does not allude to ravages committed by any foreign invaders, but to the blood shed by the English themselves."—It is, however, possible, that in enumerating the blessings of peace, he might mention a cessation of foreign hostility as well as of domestic broils, though the latter was the primary object of consideration.

Her lips, in my apprehension, refers to *soil* in the preceding line, and not to *peace*, as has been suggested. Shakspere seldom attends to the integrity of his metaphors. In the second of these lines he considers the soil or earth of England as a person; (So in *K. Richard II.*.

Tells them, he does bestride a bleeding land,

Gasp'ing for life under great Bolingbroke.)

and yet in the first line the soil must be understood in its ordinary material sense, as also in a subsequent line in which its *fields* are said to be channelled with war. Of this kind of incongruity our author's plays furnish innumerable instances.

Daub, the reading of the earliest copy, is confirmed by a passage in *K. Richard II.* where we again meet with the image presented here:

"For that our kingdom's earth shall not be soild"

"With that dear blood which it hath fostered."

The same kind of imagery is found in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk." MALONE.

* *As far as to the sepulcher &c.* The lawfulness and justice of the holy wars have been much disputed; but perhaps there is a principle on which the question may be easily determined. If it be part of the religion of the Mahometans to extirpate by the sword all other religions, it is, by the laws of self-defence, lawful for men of every other religion,

(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed and engag'd to fight)
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy⁵ ;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' wombs
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go ;
 Therefore we meet not now⁶ :—Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience⁷.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits⁸ of the charge set down
 But yesternight : when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news ;
 Whose worl^t was,—that the noble Mortimer,

and for Christians among others, to make war upon Mahometans,
 simply as Mahometans, as men obliged by their own principles to make
 war upon Christians, and only lying in wait till opportunity shall pro-
 mise them success. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *Shall we levy;*] The first quarto in 1598 has *heavy*, which was
 changed, in the second, to the word now in the text.

Though “to levy a power, *as far as to the sepulcher of Christ*,” be,
 as Mr. Steevens observes, a singular expression, I have no doubt the text
 is right. Our author is not always sufficiently careful to make the end
 of his sentences agree in construction with the beginning. MALONE.

⁶ *Therefore we meet not now;*] i. e. not on that account do we now
 meet;—we are not now assembled, to acquaint you with our intended
 expedition. MALONE.

⁷ — *expedience,*] for *expedition*. WARBURTON.

See p. 25, n. 7. MALONE.

⁸ *And many limits]* *Limits*, as the author of the *Revisal* observes,
 may mean, *out-lines*, *rough sketches* or *calculations*. STEEVENS.

Limits may mean the regulated and appointed times for the conduct of
 the business in hand. So, in *Measure for Measure*:—“between the
 time of the contract and *limit* of the solemnity, her brother Frederick
 was wreck'd at sea.” Again, in *Macbeth*:

“ — I'll make so bold to call,

“ For 'tis my *limited service*.” MALONE.

Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butcher'd :
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done⁹ as may not be,
 Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
 Brake off our busines for the Holy land.

Weft. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord ;
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy⁸, and brave Archibald²,
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each foil³
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;

⁹ By those Welshwomen done —] Thus Holinshed, p. 528 : “—such shameful villanie executed upon the carcasses of the dead men by the Welsh women ; as the like (I doo believe) hath never or seldom been practised.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — the gallant Hotspur there,

Young Harry Percy,] Holinshed’s Hist. of Scotland, p. 249, says,
 “ This Harry Percy was surnamed, for his often prickings, Henry Hotspur, as one that seldom times rested, if there were anie service to be done abroad.” TOLLET.

² — Archibald,] Archibald Douglas, earl Douglas. STEEVENS.

³ Stain’d with the variation of each foil] No circumstance could have been better chosen to mark the expedition of Sir Walter. It is used by Falstaff in a similar manner : “ As it were to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me, but to stand stain'd with travel.” HENLEY.

And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
 The earl of Douglas is discomfited ;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
 Balk'd in their own blood⁴, did sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plains : Of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas⁵ ; and the earl of Athol,

⁴ Balk'd in their own blood.—] I should suppose, that the author might have written either *bath'd*, or *bak'd*, i. e. encrusted over with blood dried upon them. A passage in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632, may countenance the latter of these conjectures :

“ Troilus-lieth embak'd

“ In his cold blood”—.

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ — horridly trick'd

“ With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,

“ Bak'd and impasted &c.”

Again, in Heywood's *Iron Age* :

“ — bak'd in blood and dust.” STEEVENS.

Balk is a ridge ; and particularly, a ridge of land : here is therefore a metaphor ; and perhaps the poet means, in his bold and careless manner of expression : “ Ten thousand bloody carcasses piled up together in a long heap.”—“ A ridge of dead bodies piled up in blood.” T. WARTON.

Balk'd in their own blood, I believe, means, lay'd in heaps or hillocks, in their own blood. Blithe's *England's Improvement*, p. 118. observes : “ The mole raiſeth *balks* in meads and pastures.” In Leland's *Itinerary*, vol. V. p. 16. and 118. vol. VII. p. 10. a *balk* signifies a *bank* or *hill*. Mr. Pope, in the *Iliad*, has the same thought :

“ On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,

“ And thick'ning round them rise the *bills* of dead.” TOLLET.

⁵ *Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son*

To beaten Douglas ;] Mordake earl of Fife, who was son to the duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, is here called the *son of Earl Douglas*, through a mistake into which the poet was led by the omission of a comma in the passage of Holinshed from whence he took this account of the Scottish prisoners. It stands thus in the historian : “ —and of prisoners, Mordacke earl of Fife, son to the governour Archembald earle Dowglas, &c.” The want of a comma after *gouvernour*, makes these words appear to be the description of one and the same person, and so the poet understood them ; but by putting the stop in the proper place, it will then be manifest that in this list Mordake, who was son to the governour of Scotland, was the first prisoner, and that Archibald earl of Douglas was the second, and so on. STEEVENS.

The word *earl* is here used as a dissyllable. Mr. Pope, not perceiving this, reads—“ *the earl*,” in which he has been followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

~~OS~~ Murray, Angus, and Menteith⁶.

And is not this an honourable spoil ?

A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

West. In faith, it is⁷ a conquest for a prince
To boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st
me sin,

In envy that my lord Northumberland

Should be the father of so blest a son :

A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue ;

Amongst a grove, the very straitest plant ;

Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride :

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,

See riot and dishonour stain the brow

Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,

That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd

In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,

And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet !

Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.

But let him from my thoughts :—What think you, coz,

Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners⁸,

Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,

To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,

⁶ — and Menteith.] This is a mistake of Holinshed in his *English History*, for in that of *Scotland*, p. 259, 262, and 419, he speaks of the earl of Fife and Menteith as one and the same person. STEEVENS.

⁷ In faith, it is.—] These words are in the first 4to. 1598, by the inaccuracy of the transcriber, placed at the end of the preceding speech, but at a considerable distance from the last word of it. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—'Faith 'tis &c. MALONE.

⁸ — the prisoners,] Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom, at his pleasure. It seems from *Camden's Brit.* that Pounouny-castle in Scotland was built out of the ransom of this very Henry Percy, when taken prisoner at the battle of Otterburne by an ancestor of the present earl of Eglington. TOLLET.

Percy could not refuse the earl of Fife to the king ; for being a prince of the blood royal, (son to the duke of Albany, brother to king Robert III.) Henry might justly claim him by his acknowledged military prerogative. STEEVENS.

I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

W^t. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects⁹;
Which makes him prune himself¹, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
 And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
 Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
 Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
 Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords;
 But come yourself with speed to us again;
 For more is to be said, and to be done,
 Than out of anger can be uttered².

W^t. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Henry, Prince of Wales, and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old
 sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping
 upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to de-

⁹ *Malevolent to you in all aspects;*] An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur. HENLEY.

¹ *Which makes him prune himself,*] The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride prunes himself; that is, picks off the loose feathers to smooth the rest. To prune and to plume, spoken of a bird, is the same. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right in his choice of the reading. So in Green's *Metamorphosis*, 1613:

"Pride makes the fowl to *prune* his feathers so.

But I am not certain that the verb to *prune* is justly interpreted. In the *Booke of Hawkyng &c.* (commonly called the *Booke of St. Albans*) is the following account of it: "The hauke *proinetb* when she fetcheth oyle with her beake over the taile, and anointeth her feet and her fethers. She *plumeth* when she pulleth fethers of anie foule and caiteth them from her." STEEVENS.

² *Than out of anger can be uttered.*] That is, "More is to be said than anger will suffer me to say: more than can issue from a mind disturbed like mine." JOHNSON.

~~mand that truly which thou would'st truly know~~ 3. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffata; I see no reason, why thou shouldest be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—~~he, that wandering knight so fair~~ 4. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,) —

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty 5; let us be—

Diana's

3 — to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know.] The prince's objection to the question seems to be, that Falstaff had asked in the night what was the time of day. JOHNSON.

This cannot be well received as the objection of the prince; for presently after, the prince himself says: "Good morrow, Ned," and Poins replies: "Good morrow, sweet lad." The truth may be, that when Shakspere makes the Prince wish Poins a good morrow, he had forgot that the scene commenced at night. STEEVENS.

4 Phœbus,—~~he, that wandering knight so fair~~.] Falstaff starts the idea of Phœbus, i. e. the sun; but deviates into an allusion to El Donzel del Febo, the knight of the sun, in a Spanish romance translated (under the title of the *Mirror of Knighthood*, &c.) during the age of Shakspere. This illustrious personage was "most excellently faire," and a great *wanderer*, as those who travel after him through three thick volumes in quarto, will discover. Perhaps the words "that wandering knight so fair" are part of some forgotten ballad, the subject of this marvellous hero's adventures. In Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, Com. 1595, Eumenedes, the *wandering knight*, is a character. STEEVENS.

5 — let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty;] I believe our poet by the expression, *thieves of the day's beauty*, meant only, let not us, who are body squires to the night, i. e. adorn the night, be called a disgrace to the day. To take away